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CHAPTER XIL-Continued.

So they speed out into the October night, and the messenger is left bebind-be has arrived fust a printit too. late-but then he is in the employ of the telegraph company, and it will be to their profit in the end.

The journey is made without any mishap, and reaching the city by the ses, they find the good steamer awalting them

As the steemer starts about down, to take advantage of the flood-tide, hey go on board at once, and see that their effects are safe.

The ladies go below-Dick heart Pastine tell one of the officers that f a message comes for her to awaken her at once. Colonel Rob knows nothing about this bostness, and as Inck will have it, he is the one whom the nessenger bringing the telegram stumdes against, after boarding La Gas-

"Mademoiselle Pauline Westerly," eads the man, from the his envelope. "The lady has retired," remarks Colonel Bob, indifferently, thinking it some shooping package that has come at the last hour, sent by express.

French messenger. charges?

"Sixteen france, eight centimes." "Great Scott! Well, here you are, minion of extertion. Avaunt?" and lovers from time immemorial. Colonel Bob slaps the telegram into his pocket, resumes his walk and his cigar, changes his coat in the morning for a pea-jacket, better adapted to course, man-like, entirely forgets that that cost him more than sixteen francs.

So wags the world-each message soil. Now it is on to the capital, that does not come may have found a repository in some forgetful man's pocket, but it certainly has a halting-

place somewhere. Colonel Bob does not hear Miss Pauline in the morning inquire of the November, a gentleman issues from officer if any message came, for the simple reason that he does not hapen to be near at the time, and as no ubsequent aliusion is made to her dis- The man is plainly an Americanappointment, the telegram from Mon- there is something very familiar in sieur le Profect lies deep in the re his walk, and when he turns his head

"Would you mind making Colone

That is frank enough, and Dick obeys, taking his companion's place beside the young lady. He sees Dorn draw the Sheriff of Secora County and knows a peace is soon ar-

Dera fire no more, since the cure has been radical-the firt who once trets the panes of jeniousy realizes what she has been inflicting on others. So, if a doctor hadeto take his own pills, he would make them less drastic.

After that the eccentric little profesor is given the cold shoulder, and has a herd by himself. He scowls at the colonel across the dining-table, and treats bim with freezing contempt, toall of which the other pays not the slightest attention. Perhaps the time may come when Professor John may force himself upon the notice of his rival, since he, by the peculiar laws of nature that cause birds of a feather to flock together, is drawn to make friends with the Mexican hidalgo, and the scowling Barcelona, who seem to hove a grievance against the two

This alliance adds one to the number against our friends, but they care little about it. At present all is rosyhood-love waves her soft pinions above them—the very nir seems to "Who will receive this?" make the breathe gentle music, keeping time to the pulsations of the engine, or the "Yours truly. There, I sign. What rolling of the waves parted by the steamer's bow. It comes in the warm faint moonbeams, ever the friend of

So they sight the lights of the Highlands, and the electric fire on Liberty's statute welcomes them to the harbor of New York. A day spent the cool, frosty air on the sea, and of here, and again the ery is, "All abourd for Mexico!" They speed away across the one discarded contains a measage the continent, from New York to St. Louis, thence to Texas, and at Nuevo Laredo find themselves on Mexican

CHAPTER XIII.

Lassoed on the Calle San Felipe Neri. One afternoon, about the middle of the well-known Hotel Iturbe, in the quaint City of Mexico, and saunters along as though striving to kill time. cranes of his coat-pocket, forgotten. In front of a dry-goods emporium,



Thus fate has a hand in the game, and does not intend that important disclosures shall be prematurely made. Perhaps Colonel Bob may suddenly remember a certain fact under peculiar conditions:

Senor Lopez, his black-eyed daughter, and Tordas Barcelona are also passengers as far as New York.

The gentlemen studiously avoid each other, though Barcelona fumes secretly every time one of the comrades casts an eye upon him, as he imagines they laugh at his disfigured nose, and the eye that still shows the effect of having a lighted cigar thrust into itvery tender affairs these optics of ours appear to be, and they cannot be

roughly treated to fire with impunity. They have a pleasant voyage; the weather is delightful, much more so than is usual about the first of November, when gales may be looked for and fog-banks to detain travelers

The professor is on board; with that wonderful London assurance that has, distinguished him in times past he pursues his game-Dora, the fair one who has charmed him.

Colonel Hob looks on, amused. This fittle man of science arouses strange feelings within him. He knows Dorn is only having sport with the learned though he would fight all creation for her sake.

She amuses herself with his oddities, forgetting that in thus playing with human passions, she may be handling edge tools that cut keenly, no matter if they are small.

The New Mexican sheriff is no fool. and he brings Dora to her senses by firting with a young woman on board, quite a fine-looking girl, who seems to be a stranger to Dora. When she | regiment of Mexican lancers on this | ly care?" can stand it no longer she leaves the professor talking to the air about the wonderful bugs and insects he expects to discover around the giant volcanoes of the valley of Mexico, Ixtaccibuati and Popocatepetl, and glides to Dick's

"Who is that girl?" she asks, almost

choking. "The one Bob seems so pleased with? Well, you see, Miss Dord, here's to go on its way in peace. quite a little romance that brings them together. She's the daughter of a rich Philadelphia dry-goods mer-Bob had the pleasure of saving her life during the fire, and I've no doubt she appreciates it, judging from the way in which she looks at

Dick rubs it in rather severely, for he has no sympathy for the flirt who can burt the honest feelings of a man the Mexican hidalgo-that these rasshe loves, and who is devoted to her. Dora gulps down a lump that rises

in her throat and manages to restrain

otherwise known as a merceria, to follow with his eyes a handsome cliveskinned senorita who has just left her carriage to shop, we recognize our Dick Denver. This of course means that the little

party of travelers have reached their destination, since he would not be here alone.

His manner is thoughtful, for Dick has already seen evidences that the whole power of Senor Lopez-which is considerable it. Mexican circles, as his family is an old one, once very prominent-will be exerted to over throw the hold Miss Pauline of New York has upon the El Dorado Mine.

If it were in the hands of a man. the result would be different-he could control matters by force; but a young girl may be intimidated-Mexican women are not in the habit of meddling in politics or business, and it is not expected that because Miss Westerly is an American girl, she will defy for any great length of time the powers that are arrayed against her

Dick Denver knows how far wrong is this supposition-he has made a study of Pauline, and he finds her a most remarkable girl in many respects -she is as daring as she is beautiful, as gentle in one way as she is professor, but it is a serious business unyielding in another. When Senor with the latter, who looks at time as | Lopez endeavors to force her to abdicate and allow his side the control of the great El Dorado Mine, he runs

against a rock that will not yield. The evidence that Lopez is at work has already cropped out. While en route the train on the Mexican National was stopped by a band of bandits about the ranges of the mountains | Ferme. south of San Luiz Potosi, who would have run things to suit themselves only for an accident that had sent a particular train, to attend some non-

cuvers at the capital. The soldiers made it hot for the ras- then." cals, and our two Americans joined them with enthusiasm, for they had not seen service for some time. Of course the bandits fied in consternation, convinced that they had caught the stick by the end that had been in the fire, and the train was allowed | 25th?

Dick is pondering over that event now-he is positive he saw one of the leaders of the bandits holding a hurried conversation with Senor Lopezwho joined their train at Montereybefore the retreat was sounded fust and although he has not mentioned the fact to the others, he thoroughly believes this whole affair must have originated in the scheming brain of cally contrabandista and outlaws are in the employ of the Lopez conspira-

This, then, is but a shadow which

contac events cast-it will be followed by darker and still more stricus once, for Don Lopez has sworn a solmu outh to wrest the balance of over from Pauline Westerly, and canage the great mire that was formerly the sole property of the Lopez

OUTSTELL Now, Dick is a peculiar man in his way-opeosition is upt to arouse the mule is his suture, and make him unielding. Semething about this cowdiy combine against a woman stire his blood and makes it fairly boil.

"She must win-she shall win, if have to shed every drop of blood 71 my body for her!" he says, under his breach, but he means every word of

Dick is sauntering along a quiet efreet now-a couple of young ladies on a baleray flirt their fans and seek to attract his attention, but he seems to be too preoccupied for such bush ness. He preses a church, that of Santa Teresa. People are coming out -ti is some special service, for early morning is noually the time when the worshippers assemble consisting for the most part of women

Some one brushes against himthen comes a low cry from a woman's lips-the vail is thrown aside; he seen

"You have arrived in safety, Senor Diele-I was afraid some accident one hand on his arm.

"Some rancally pirates did stop the train, but you see they hadn't counted m our having the military chaps We joined forces and squelehed them. Your worthy father didn't seem at all afraid of them, for I saw him talking with the leader." She drops her eyes in confusion.

The saints forgive him; he is very fierco in his passions, and he hates you, senor, as the rattlesnake does the foot that disturbs it when in the act sun's rays, it is found beneath the of charming its prey, and like that same sepent, he will eagerly strike the offending heel. Beware, Senor Denver! you take your life in your hands when you enter Mexico.

(To be continued.)

GOV. HUBBARD'S GARDEN JOKE. Coat Must Have Been in a Position to Take a Record.

When Richard D. Hubbard was governor of Connecticut his company was eagerly sought for in all places he frequented, not excepting the privacy of his home, by many office-seek-One individual in particular, for an appointment, but not so in his neatness nor cleanliness of costume, continually sought Mr. Hubbard.

State House with a very much solled shirt front and grease-covered vest and frock cost, but a beautiful buttonhole bouquet was placed on the lapel of his coat.

"Good morning, Governor," said he, fine morning." "Beautiful morning," replied the

governor. "There, what do you think of this?" said the visitor, pointing to the bouquet. "Where do you think I got it?"

perhaps it grew there." Washington Man Lives Cheaply.

There is a Virginian in this city who the social season for ten years. He lives at afternoon teas. It does not ple so extensive that he is rarely thrown out. He flits from house to house, and always lingers longest at the luncheon table. Those who know him say he eats nothing but the stuff he gets at the luncheons-mostly salad, eroquettes, and crackers, with claret punch and tea. The only clothes he has are his afternoon regalia.

"He reminds me," said a naval officer, who had run against him several times, "of a man I met in London. He lived the same sort of a life but did not appear until after dark. His motto was that no gentleman needs more than two suits-a suit of evening the assurance of getting your money's clothes and a suit of pajamas."-Washington Star.

Chronic Illness.

Squire W., of a certain town near Philadelphia many years ago, was celebrated locally for his cellar of wine (and sometimes stronger). But the temperance movement came his way, and one day a neighbor halled

him in the street with: "Squire, what do you think I heern? heern them cold water folks hez grabbed you in and you be jined!'

"Yes," answered the Squire. woman and me's signed the pledge, We haven't got a drop in the house now, except a little we kept for sickness. And to tell the truth we haven't neither of us seen a well day since!

He Felt Safe.

"Mark my words." .declared Mrs. Ferme, laying down the law to her long-suffering husband, "by the end of the century woman will have the rights she is fighting for."

"I don't care if she does," replied "Do you mean it?" cried his wife. "Have I at last brought you round to my way of thinking? Won't you real-

"Not a bit, my dear," returned her husband, resignedly. "I'll be dead

Never Was There. Lawyer-You say you left home on the 10th?

Witness-Yes, sir. Lawyer-And came back on the Witness-Yes, pir.

Lawyer (severely)--What were doing in the interim? Witness-Never was in such a place.--Green Bag.

Looked Well. "You met Miss Pechis yesterday, I inderstand?" "Yes, did she mention it?"

"Yes, she said you looked a great ical better than you usually do." "She did "" "Yes: what are you mad about?" "I was wearing my automobile a :ak

when we met.

THE CHOICE OF PAINT.

Fifty years ago a well-painted house was a rare sight; to-day an unpainted house is rarer. If people knew the real value of paint a house in need PARIS ROMANCE WHICH ALMOST of paint would be "senreer than hen's teeth." There was some excuse for our foretathers. Many of them lived in houses hardly worth preserving; they knew nothing about paint, except that It was pretty; and to get a house painted was a serious and cost-The difference between their ly job. case and ours is that when they wanted paint it had to be made for them; whereas when we need paint we can a charming young widow, and so charmgo to the pearest good store and buy ing, too, that Count Georges could not it, in any color or quality ready for | find words to say half that he would. He use. We know, or ought to know by adored, he admired, he loved her so this time, that to let a house stand much unpainted is most costly, while a good due time have the carpenter coming tant ages managed in such a plight, to pay us a long visit at our expense. Lumber is constantly getting scarcer, dearer and poorer, while prepared paints are getting plentier, better and less expensive. It is a short-sighted plan to lot the valuable lumber of our houses go to pieces for the want of philter.

For the man that needs paint there are two forms from which to choose; bigh happen to you," she says, laying one is the old form, still favored by certain unprogressive painters who sleep have not yet caught up with the times -lead and oil; the other is the readyfor-use paint found in every up-to-date store. The first must be mixed with oil, driers, torpentine and colors before it is ready for use; the other need only be stirred up in the can and it is ready to go on. To buy lead and oil, colors, etc., and mix them into a paint by hand in, in this Certainement! love philiers were by twentleth century, about the same as refusing to ride in a trolley car because one's grandfather had to walk or ride on horseback when he wanted to go anywhere. Prepared paints have been on the market less than fifty years, but they have proved on the whole so inexpensive, so convenient and so good that the consumption today is something over sixty million gallons a year and still growing. Unless they had been in the main satisfactory, it stands to reason there would have been no such stendy growth in their use.

Mixed paints are necessarily cheaper than paint of the hand-mixed kind, because they are made in a large way by machinery from materials bought who was very persistent in his pleas in large quantities by the manufacturer. They are ne swarily better than paints mixed by hand, because they are more finely ground and more One day this man called at the thoroughly mixed, and because there is less chance of the raw materials in them being adulterated. No painter, however careful he may be, can ever be sure that the materials he buys are not adulterated, but the large paint manufacturer does know in every care, because everything he buys goes through the chemist's hands before he accepts it.

Of course there are poor paints on the market (which are generally cheap paints). So there is pour flour. "Don't know," said Mr. Hubbard, poor cloth, poor soap; but because of that do we go back to the hand-mill, the hand-loom and the soap-kettle of the backwoods No, we use our common sense in choosing goods. We find has not done a stroke of work during brands of flour, cloth and soap, we take account of the standing of the dealer that handles them, we ask make any difference whether he is our neighbors. So with paint; if the invited or not. He waits outside a manufacturer has a good reputation, house where there is a tea and follows if the dealer is responsible, if our neighbors have had satisfaction with so affable and his knowledge of peo- it, that ought to be pretty good evidence that the paint is all right.

"Many men of many kinds"-Many paints of many kinds; but while prepared paints may differ considerably in composition, the better grades of them all agree pretty closely in results. "All roads lead to Rome," and the paint manufacturers, starting by different paths, have all the same object-to make the best paint possible to sell for the least money, and so capture and keep the

There is scarcely any other article of general use on the market to-day that can be bought with anything like worth as the established brands of prepared paint. The paint you buy to day may not be like a certain patent medicine, "the same as you have always bought," but if not, it will be because the manufacturer has found a way of giving you a better article for your money, and so making more sure of your next order.

When a woman has an ideal hus

band it is only a dream.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured sees to the result, and enless the fulfationnation can be also out and this tube restored to its normal condition out and this tube restored to its normal condition, nearing will be destroyed furrors; none cases out of the are caused by a march, which is nothing has an inflation condition of the murcous surfaces.

We writigise the Humbred Bedlars for any case of Postroes caused by calarrio that cament be dured by Hall's Catarrio Curs. Send for discolars, free.

**E. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Soda by Druggles, the Soin by Druggles, De. Take Hall's Family Pills for or recipation.

People wouldn't lie half as much if they ought to.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, A powder. It cores painful, smartnervous feet and ingrowing nails It's the greatest comfort discovery of Makes new shoes easy. certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all dreggists, 25c. Trial package, Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The arrival of a new girl baby means another domestic cry-sis. Don't spoil your clothes. Use Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them white as anow. All grocers, 5 cents a package.

Guarding Against the Plague.

The fact that the steamship Burrs field, from Bombay to Philadelphia, is detained at Reedy Island, in the Dela ware river, with a mysterious disease on board, thought to be the bubonic plague, has awakened the very active interest of the marine hospital service in Washington and the Phile delphia quarantine officials. No Asia tie disease is more dreaded than this

one, and all possible precautionary

measures will be taken by the govern-

ment to prevent its graining a foot-

THE LOVE PHILTER

ENDED IN A TRAGEDY.

Count Georges Ferady's Potion Didn't Work Just the Way He Expected, But It Won for Him Pair Widow.

Count Georges Ferady was in lovemadly in love. And the cause? well-Not so the fair widow Count Georges

coat of paint, applied in season, is the So the count, to remedy this unfortunate best of investments. If we put off the defect in his fair Venus, betook himbrief visit of the painter we shall in self to books, to study how men in dis-Thus he made the discovery. And the

Ciscovery was this-well, it came from a musty book dealing with ancient Greece and the Thessalonians, wherein truch mention was made of a mystic concoction that they called-the love

The very thing! thought Count Georges Ferady, and clanked his spurs as only a cavalry officer can, and thereupon he retired to bed satisfied and to

Next morning the count, his schemes formulated in the dark watches of the and got another box, and that comnight, repaired to the house of a friend, whom rumor credited with some degree of madness and a passion for alchemy. To him the count confessed his abounding adoration for the fair widow, and her lack of that quality towards him. The alchemist listened intently, no means beyond his ability to concoct. With this he rose, and from many bottles contrived a harmless-looking, colorless fluid, which he placed in a phial.

"This, mon cher ami," said the at chemist, "is a love philter like which there is no other. Once find means to give this to la belle madame, and Count Georges will be all the world to her." Elated beyond measure at the success

of his schemes, the count returned to

his house, and there impatiently awaited

the opportunity to complete his happi-Seated at dinner beside the dear lady of his heart, the small glass phial burnt.



THIS, MON CHER AMI IS A LOVE PHILTER

very fiercely in Count Georges' waistcoat pocket. He directed her attention to an adjacent picture.

The widow followed his somewhat

forcibly extended right hand with indulgent eyes. But she did not perceive his left emptying the contents of the little phial into her wine-glass.

Victory! the widow was his. short minute, then—what a fine fellow the widow would think him! The glass! It was at her lips! Oh, Georges, what a genius! The widow's glass was empty. The

count turned a pair of rapturous eyes on

her. But she! Mon Dieu! What was

amiss? She had fallen to the ground

senseless. The fair widow was nearly poisoned. and the gallant count nearly demented. But a skillful doctor restored both. And rumor has it that the love philter has done its part, and a priest will do the

Revenge.

rest.-The Royal Magazine.

Bridget-An' how do yez like bein th' maid av a prima donna? Mary Ann-I don't. She treats me like dirt. But I git even wid her. Bridget-Phwat do yez do?

Mary Ann-I open th' winders an' eing at th' top av me voice. An' all the neighbors thinks it's her an' that she's gettin' r-r-rotten!-Cleveland Leader.

A Candid Avowal. "What books have benefited you most?" asked the literary woman. "I forget the authors' names," answered Mrs. Trknm. "But they were mostly cook books."-Washington

Said of President Fallieres. President Fallieres of the French republic, is a combination of farmer. lawyer and politician. In the forenoon he takes a health walk of five miles. When hungry he not infrequently toddles into a bakery for a

The more a man owes the more he's apt to be sought after.

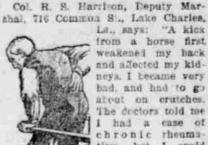
or walking in the street.

If love would only remain blind af ter marriage-but fudge!

roll and eats it standing in the shop

CAN'T STRAIGHTEN UP.

Kidney Trouble Causes Weak Backs and a Multitude of Pains and Aches.



tiam, but I could not believe them, and finally began using Doan's Kidney Pills for my kidneys. First the kidney secretions came more friely, then the pain left my back. I went pleted a cure. I have been well for two years.

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. No man can hope to shine in soci-

make it sound interesting. RUNNING SORES ON LIMBS. Little Girl's Obstinate Case of Eczema

-Mother Says: "Cuticura Reme-

ety unless he can say nothing and

dies a Household Standby." "Last year, after having my little girl treated by a very prominent physician, for an obstinate case of eczema, I resorted to the Cuticura Remedies, and was so well pleased with the almost instantaneous relief afforded that we discarded the physiclan's prescription and relied entirely on the Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills. When we commenced with the Cuticura Remedies her feet and limbs were covered with running sores. In about six weeks we had her completely well, and there has been no recurrence of the trouble. We find that the Cuticura Remedies are a valuable house hold standby, living as we do, twelve miles from a doctor, and where it costs from twenty to twenty-five dol lars to come up on the mountain. Mrs. Lizzle Vincent Thomas, Falr. mount, Walden's Ridge, Tenn., Oct. 13, 1965,"

NOTABLE WOMAN SINGER.

Had No Great Career Because She Was Devoted to Home.

Mrs. Julia Houston West, a notable church and oratorio singer in Boston. a generation ago, died in the Brattleboro retreat, at the age of 73. She was long the soprano of the new Old South, and her voice, brilliant and powerful, would have given her a great career, had she not been devoted to a home life. Her especial public distinction was the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" at the peace jubilee in Boston in 1869, where Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore had gathered his chorus of 20,000, his many bands and orchestral force and against that back ground and an organ added, with bells, cannon and other noises to assist, Julia Houston pitted her superb voice and made a veritable sensation. She married James F. West, of Haverhill, twenty-five years ago, and afterward occasionally sang in oratories and concerts. Shortly after Mr. West's death, in 1903, she became insane, but her hallucinations took the shape of appearances before applauding audiences.

King Courts Seclusion. The itinerary of King Edward's coming cruise in the Mediterranean is to be kept as secret as possible. "This," says Truth, "will save his majesty the receptions and ceremonials and the intolerable nuisance of the Victoria and Albert being dogged by the

yachts of pushing snobs." A BUSY WOMAN

Can Do the Work of 3 or 4 If Well Fed. An energetic young woman living

just outside of New York, writes: "I am at present doing all the housework of a dairy farm, caring for 2 children, a vegetable and flower garden, a large number of fowls, besides managing an extensive exchange business through the mails and pursuing my regular avocation as a writer for several newspapers and magazines (designing fancy work for the latter) and all the energy and ability to do this I

owe to Grape-Nuts food. "It was not always so, and a year ago when the shock of my nursing baby's death utterly prostrated me and deranged my stomach and nerves so that I could not assimilate as much as a mouthful of solid food, and was in even worse condition mentally, he would have been a rash prophet who would have predicted that it ever would do so.

"Prior to this great grief I had suffered for years with impaired digesion, insomnia, agonizing cramps in he stomach, pain in the side, constipation, and other bowel derangements, all these were familiar to my daily life. Medicines gave me no reliefnothing did, until a few months ago, at a friend's suggestion, I began to use Grape-Nuts food, and subsequently gave up coffee entirely and adopted

Postum Food Coffee at all my meals. "To-day I am free from all the troubles I have enumerated. My digustion is simply perfect, I assimilate my food without the least distress, enjoy sweet, restful sleep, and bave a buoyant feeling of pleasure in my varied duties. In fact, I am a new woman, entirely made over, and I repeat, I owe it all to Grape-Nuts and Postum Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle

Creek, Mich. There's a reason. Rend the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in plegs.

JOB PRINTING

We will do it RIGHT